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THE REFLECTOR



PUBLISHED BY CLASS OF '06.

VOLUME THREE

GOSHEN COLLEGE

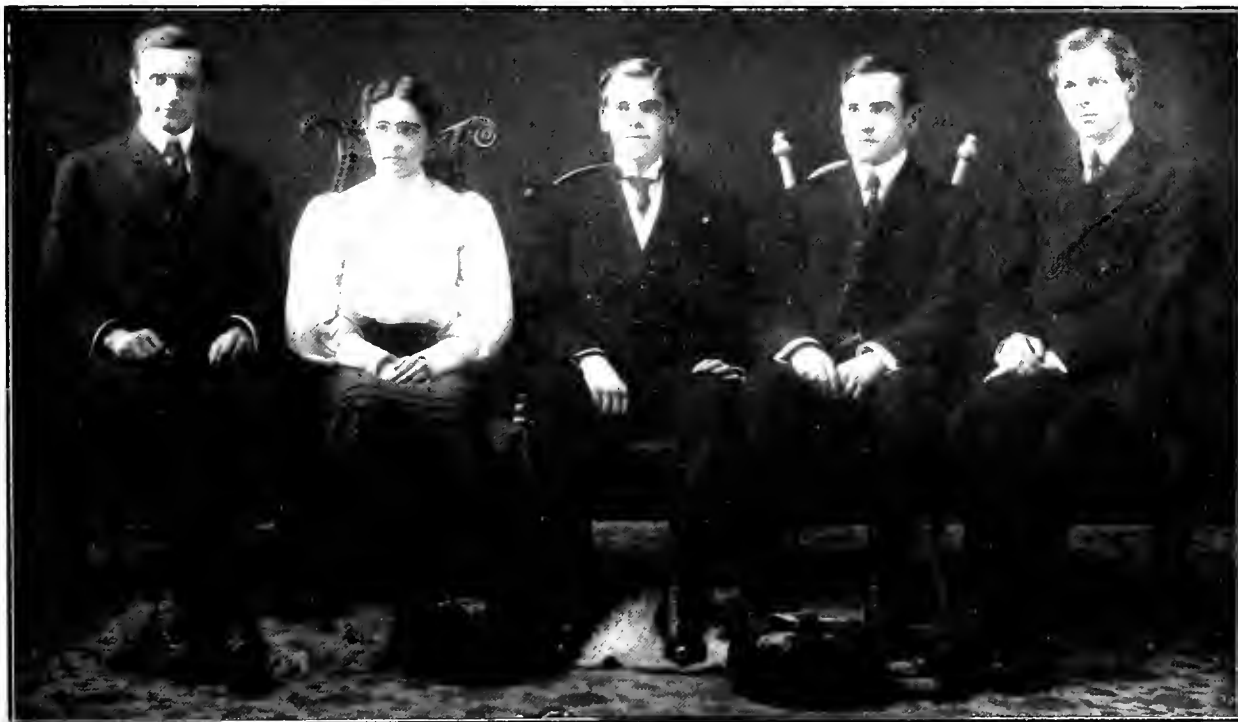




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*To Jonas S. Hartzler, who has been most persevering
and energetic in the founding and upbuilding of our school, we
affectionately dedicate this volume.*



S. F. GINGRICH.

BEULAH KAUFFMAN.

J. F. EBERSOLE, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

JESSE BRENNEMAN.

A. M. HESS.

EDITORS

THE FACULTY.



NOAH E. BYERS, A. M.
President.
Philosophy and Mathematics.



SOLOMON F. GINGRICH,
A. B.
Principal Normal School.
English and Education.



EPHRAIM J. ZOOK, A. M.
Librarian.
Principal of Academy
Greek and Latin.



WELLINGTON K. JACOBS.
Prin. Commercial School
Bookkeeping and
Penmanship

FACULTY—Continued.



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Registrar-German.



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NANCY B. KULP.
Shorthand and Typewriting.



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E. C. SALISBURY,	-	-	-	-	-	Agriculture

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A. M. HESS, Mathematics and Civics.

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S. E. ZOOK, Music.

H. L. RICKERT, Mathematics.

B. D. SMUCKER, Gynnasium Director.

MAUDE BARRY, Library.



*C. HENRY SMITH, A. M.
History.

*Absent on leave

College Senior Class.

MOTTO: { *Quid futuri sumus est in nobis.*
 { *In uns selbst liegt unsere Zukunft.*
 { *In ourselves our future lies.*

COLORS—*Cardinal and Cream.* FLOWER—*Marguerite.*

Officers.

President—A. M. HESS.

Vice-President—S. E. ZOOK.

Secretary—BEULAH KAUFFMAN.

Treasurer—J. L. BRENNEMAN.

Class Professor—S. F. GINGRICH.

WHEN in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for a class to dissolve the academic bands which have connected it with an institution and to assume among the Powers of the world the separate and responsible station which the laws of common sense demand of them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to such separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that we are created to be educated, that we are endowed by our Creator with certain remarkable powers; that among these are Thought, Feeling, Expression and Action; that to develop these powers colleges are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the presence and consent of those to be educated; that whenever any college has accomplished these ends, it is the right of a class to sever themselves from it and institute for themselves a new vocation, laying its foundations on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect the greatest amount of good for the greatest number of people.

The history of the present Goshen College is a history of continuous efforts at developing and training,

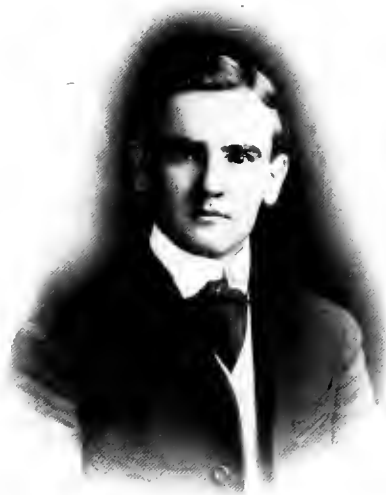
all having in direct object, "Culture for Service," and the producing of such classes as this one. To prove this let facts be submitted to a candid world.

They have kept us here to the end of a six years' course. They have required us to study well many long and difficult courses. They have given us tests and examinations to show us that a professor knows enough to ask questions which no one can answer. They have forbidden us to ride ponies to tests and examinations. They have forbidden us to be out of our rooms after 8:00 p. m. They have required us to go to Sunday school and church services on Sunday. They have brought us up in the way that we should go, expecting that when we are old we would not depart therefrom.

To every one of these prohibitions and requirements we have submitted and complied in the most humble manner. Our continuous merits have been responded to only by repeated promotions and considerations. An institution whose character is thus marked by every act which may define an ideal college, is most fit to be the Alma Mater of the Class of '06.

Nor have we been wanting in attention to our fellow students, the lower classmen. We have warned them from time to time of the danger and foolishness of depending too much upon their good looks and bluffs to bring them passing grades, and the absurdity of their assuming an unwarrantable dignity, such as is becoming only for college seniors. We have reminded them of the circumstances under which our merits and attainments were being reached. We have appealed to their sense of honor and have conjured them by the ties of our common aims and similar needs to disavow such pretensions. They have responded to the voice of reason and experience to such a degree that we now feel it safe to entrust to them the interests of the student body at large.

We, therefore, the seniors of 1906, hereby publish and declare that we now are, and of right ought to be, free from all jurisdiction and authority of the college and be absolved from all further responsibility for the welfare of the student body and management of student enterprises; and that as free and educated graduates we shall have full power to contrive, to resolve, and to execute, and to do all other acts and things which mature and able men and women may of right do. And for the support of this declaration we mutually pledge to the cause of humanity our lives, our fortunes and sacred honor.



ABRAM M. HESS, Shiremanstown, Pa.
Aurora.

President Senior Class '06.

President Y. P. C. A.

Ex-Treasurer Y. P. C. A.

Ex-President Aurora Society.

Chairman S. L. A. Book Committee.

"Deep on his front engraven, deliberation sat."



BEULAH KAUFFMAN, Goshen, Ind.
Vesperian.

Graduate Goshen High School, '02.

Secretary Student Fund Soliciting Board.

Secretary Senior Class '06.

President Vesperian Society.

"No one knows like a woman how to say things which are at once gentle and deep."



JESSE L. BRENNEMAN, Goshen, Indiana.

C. M. A.

Graduate Goshen High School, '04.

Treasurer Senior Class, '06.

Secretary C. M. A. Society.

"He's curious, but he's got enough extra brains to make a jury."



J. FRANK EBERSOLE, North Tonawanda, N. Y. Aurora.

Graduate North Tonawanda High School, '03.

Editor-in-Chief Reflector, '06.

Chairman Student Fund Soliciting Board.

President Tennis Association.

Treasurer Y. P. C. A.

Treasurer Lecture Course Board.

Ex-Treasurer S. L. A.

President Aurora Society.

"Fire in each eye, papers in each hand, he raves, commands and solicits round the land"



SAMUEL E. ZOOK, Belleville, Pa.

Aurora.

Vice-President of Senior Class, '06.

President of Academy Class, '05.

Ex-President Aurora Society.

Chairman Bible Study Committee of Y. P. C. A.

"Music is well said to be the speech of angels."



CHRISTIAN D. ESCH, Urbana, Ohio.

C. M. A.

President C. M. A. Society.

Leader Volunteer Band.

Chairman Membership Committee of Y. P. C. A.

*"A wise physician, skilled our ills to heal,
Is better than armies to the public weal."*



Academy Senior Class.

MOTTO—Alia alto veritatis ultra sunt.

COLORS—Pink and Light Brown.

FLOWER—Red Clover.

AT THE end of our four years' career in school life, we will take a casual view of all that has transpired during those days. And tho' our reminiscences constitute only a small part of our enjoyment, yet they are worthy of mention. The achievements of past days need be deservedly applauded; the pleasant associations of student and teacher, the varied experience in class room and in student activities, afford us abundant material for reflection. Memories of restless days of defeat and victory, of depressing experiences and moments of uplift and exaltation are awakened. Vivid remembrances of tireless, conscientious effort, of cordial, inspiring friendships, of newly-revealed ideals and ambitions through the imagination.

The class of '06 surpasses in number not only any other class organization, but also any class completing the Academy or Commercial courses in the history of our institution. Twenty-three members were enrolled during the year. Another noteworthy fact is our representative membership, in that among the members of the class are those from the hills of eastern Pennsylvania and also one from the land where the Pacific laps the American shore.

The year was attended by no momentous occasion. Our primary interests are centered in the preparation of a creditable program to be rendered during commencement week. But in contrast to all the enjoyment derived from this retrospect we are inspired by the deeper significance of our motto, "Some heights of truth lie beyond." Our future presents to us visions of usefulness in the various phases of life's problems. We stand as if on a pinnacle and look with eager eyes upon the panorama of our future experiences—the truths which we now only perceive will then be more fully realized. The attainments of each individual will then not be estimated by success in our school career, but rather by our adaptability to our environments.

President—Evan Mumma Hess, Lititz, Pa. Secretary Ataletic Association. "Those that understood him, smiled at one another and shook their heads."

Vice-President—Elva Winifred Greenawalt, Goshen, Ind. Aurora. "An unwieldy bundle of good nature."

Secretary—Elsie Byler, Newton, Kansas. Vesperian. Vice-President Y. P. C. A. "Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."

Treasurer—Joseph Wenger Shank, Palmyra, Mo. C. M. A. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business; he shall stand before kings."

Historian—William C. Ebersole, Elkhart, Ind. C. M. A. President Athletic Association. Vice-President S. L. A. "The world always listens to a man with a *will* in him."

Etta Anna Gilliom, Palmyra, Mo. Vesperian. Captain Star Basket Ball Team. "Wherefore these dim, dreamy looks of thine."

Purl R. Zook, Goshen, Ind. C. M. A. "Do not saw the air with your hands too much, thus."

Mary Belle Gerber, Mayton, Alberta. Avon. "Thou hast a mind that suits thy fair and outward character."

Lawrence Berene Holmes, Portland, Oregon. Aurora. Treasurer Athletic Association. "Do not believe what I tell you any more than if it were some tale of a tub."

Walter R. Hoover, Goshen, Ind. Aurora. "You know I say just what I think, and nothing more nor less."

Clara Maude Hevel, Goshen, Ind. "And in her heart there was no guile."

Ida Olive Brubaker, Freeport, Ill. Vesperian. Captain Sappho Basket Ball Team. "Practical and pertinent."

Mary Jane Ebersole, Elkhart, Ind. Vesperian. Secretary Y. P. C. A. Secretary S. L. A. "Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose."

Oscar J. Sommer, Metamora, Ill. C. M. A. "It is the wise head that makes a still tongue."

John I. Byler, Belleville, Pa. Aurora. "All musical people seem to be happy."

Myrtle Belle Waterson, Goshen, Ind. Vesperian. "There are no gains without pains."

Peter David Summer, Metamora, Ill. C. M. A. "I will live on nothing else but only this."

Arthur Kauffman Rupp, Shiremanstown, Pa. Aurora. "How like you a mountain that rears its white capped top."

Clark S. Brenneman, Smithville, Ohio. Aurora. "The world belongs to the energetic."

Evangeline Belle Strunk, Belleville, Pa. Avon. "How far that little candle throws its beams."



College Junior Class.

MOTTO—Sin voluntatem habet, artem habet.

COLORS—Olive Green and Silver.

Officers:

President—C. B. BLOSSER.

Vice-President—H. B. REED.

Secretary—EMMA SCOTT.

Treasurer—M. H. HOSTETLER.

Reporter—H. L. RICKERT.

THE Faculty's hope for a Senior class in 1907. They look promising. But do not examine them too closely—it will be time enough to have your hopes shattered later on. Things are not always what they seem. But by way of warning let it be said that no one knew there was a Junior class until one of the Reflector editors, after a scrutinizing search for class organizations, discovered them late in the afternoon of May 4th, when the search had been given up. From appearances much ought to be expected from them, but from the facts cannot be hoped for.



Academy Junior Class.

Motto—Progrediendum aeternum progrediendum.

COLORS—Navy Blue and White.

President—W. W. ESCH.

Vice-President—I. C. HESS.

Secretary—FLORENCE CULP

Treasurer—MAUDE WARVE.

Historian—URSULA MILLER.

JUNIORS! Nothing is more characteristic of Juniors than the daring, headlong, forward manner in which they enter all and especially class enterprises. That this is characteristic of our Juniors a few facts of the year will clearly indicate.

As soon as the subject of class organization was mentioned last fall, the Juniors rushed into the nearest recitation room and quickly elected officers and adopted the motto, "Onward, ever onward," and then asked the Reflector Editor to make special mention of the fact that they were the first class to organize.

On a bleak, cold afternoon early in March, when the roads were almost impassable and when no one but a Junior would have thought of taking a pleasure (?) trip, the Juniors started on a drive of eleven miles into the country. After five hours of fearful and dangerous exposure they reached their destination. The following day they retraced their tracks and after another tedious journey, during which some walked to lighten the load, they reached home crying "Onward, ever onward." Lusty Juniors! Yea, verily.



Academy Sophomore Class.

MOTTO—"Suaviter in modo fortiter in re."

COLORS—White and Old Rose.

Officers:

President—J. R. RAMER.

Vice-President—O. N. JOHNS.

Secretary—CORA YODER.

Treasurer—BERTHA CHRISTOPHEL.

Historian—WILMA SMOKER.

THE Sophomore takes great pride in the fact that he is not a Freshman. He reminds us of a four-year-old child who thinks he has outgrown his babyhood, and would not think of sitting to the table in a high chair or sleeping in a cradle. He is a man in miniature. He abhors the silliness and littleness of being a baby (Freshman.) He wants to follow his older brothers (Juniors and Seniors) all about the establishment and dabbles into everything they do. He is always getting into trouble or spoiling things.



Academy Freshmen.

MOTTO—Vertute non aestutia.

COLORS—Pink and Pea Green.

Officers:

President—DENNIS RUPP.

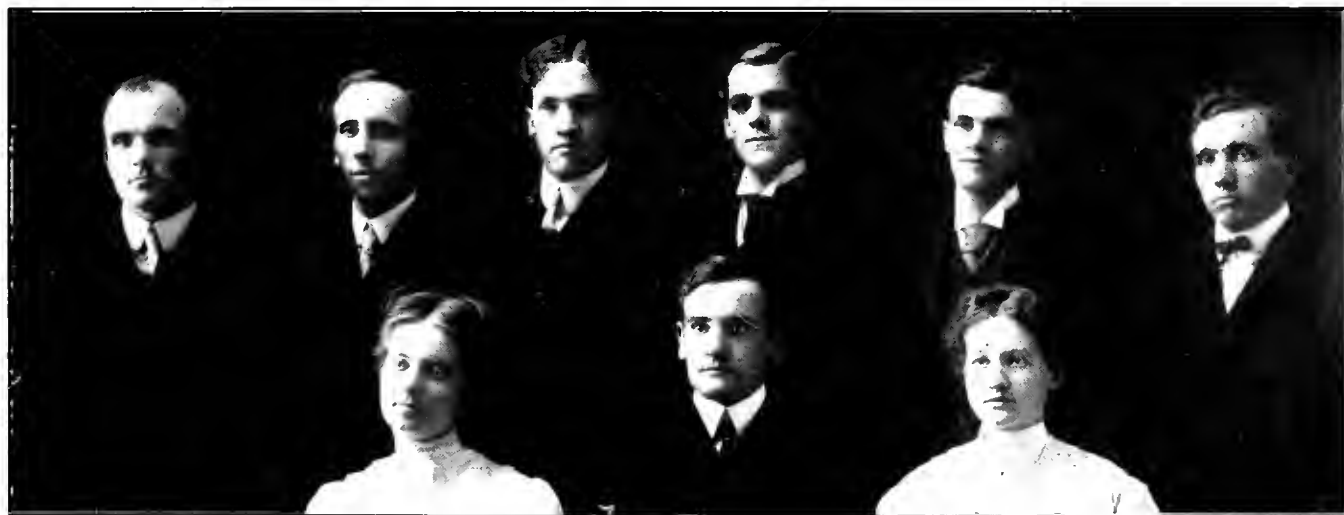
Vice-President—LINA DRIVER.

Secretary—SUSIE UNZICKER.

Treasurer—C. J. LOUCKS.

Historian—M. E. MILLER.

WERRAH for the Freshman! Nothing daunted, the Freshman goes about his tasks. He is not aware that anyone observes his actions and conduct. How he would blush if he knew the thoughts of the thoroughly experienced (?) Sophomores. Oh, innocent Freshman, how happy thou art in thy innocence! And yet how sad to think that the bloom of thy youth must fade so soon, for soon thou art to be a self-conscious Sophomore.



Y. P. C. A. Cabinet.

Officers.

President—A. M. Hess.

Vice-President—Elsie Byler.

Secretary—Mary Ebersole.

Treasurer—J. F. Ebersole.

Chairmen of Standing Committees.

Religious Meetings—C. B. Blosser. Bible Study—S. E. Zook. Missionary—W. C. Ebersole. Finance—J. F. Ebersole. Social—B. D. Smucker. Membership—C. D. Esch.

Young People's Christian Association.

The Young People's Christian Association probably more than any other student organization effects the life and atmosphere of the College, and more than any other receives the support and co-operation of the student body at large. A few facts of the year's work will make it evident that the work of the Association deserves such support as well as making good material for reflection.

During the spring term of last year arrangements were made by which the Association would co-operate with the Church and Sunday School here in sending a representative to the foreign mission field and support him there. The Association has pledged itself to pay \$75 annually to the support of this representative. It was decided that M. C. Lehman should be our representative and that he should be sent to the American Mennonite Mission in India.

The interests of the association work were especially favored in having unusually large delegations at each of the Students' Summer conferences. Six of our young men were at the annual conference of Western College men at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin and brought back with them deepened and strengthened Christian lives, useful information, and ardent enthusiasm for the association work. There were also six of our young women at the Young Women's Students' Conference at Lakeside, Ohio. They have brought back a corresponding amount of good character, useful knowledge and working power for the association work and the student life.

Four young women attended the State Y. W. C. A. Convention at Bloomington, Ind.

The religious meetings of the association—the Thursday afternoon devotional meetings and the Tuesday noon prayer meetings—have been kept up with a good showing of attendance and interest.

The devotional Bible study classes were organized. With one exception the groups have all been lead by student leaders. Prof. Gingerich lead the class in "Teachings of Jesus and His Apostles." Nine groups were organized, six in the "Life of Christ," two in "Acts and Epistles," and one in "The Teachings of Jesus and His Apostles."

Three mission classes were organized at the beginning of the year. One in "Effective Workers in Needy Fields," one in "The Evangelization of the World in this Generation," and one in "Social Evils of Non-

Young People's Christian Association.

Christian Lands." For the last half of the year two classes were organized in "Day-Break in the Dark Continent," and in "The Burden of the City." The sum of the year's budget was three hundred and fifty dollars. The receipts over ran the budget. The cabinet appropriated one hundred dollars to the Mennonite Evangelizing and Benevolent Board to be used within three years in the founding of a mission in South America or return to the Association.

Last fall at the suggestion of President Byers the Association started a Sunday School in the East Side school building, in an out-lying district of Goshen, where there are a number of people who would not otherwise go to Sunday school.

In nearly all schools the Christian work among the students is done under two separate organizations, one for the young men and one for the young women. There is evidently some advantage in this method of organization over the method of joint organization, which also has some advantages. With a view of securing some of the advantages of separate organization, the Association, after due consideration, adopted a new constitution, which organized the work for young men and young women more separately than before, and while retaining united organization, allows each part all the liberty consistent with the interest of the whole. Under this organization, the president of the Association who shall always be a young man is also president of the men's division of the work, and the vice-president, who shall always be a young woman, is also president of the young women's division.

Taken as a whole there seems to be some progress evident in the year's work, and there is good reason to expect that as the institution continues to grow the Association will grow correspondingly. Whatever may have been done in the past years there remains much more to be done in the future.



MOTTO—"Forward."

Aurora Society.

COLORS—Navy Blue and Scarlet.

President—J. F. Ebersole
 Vice President—W. M. Loucks
 Secretary—S. E. Zook
 Treasurer—O. N. Johns
 Critic—A. M. Hess
 Usher—E. W. Greenawalt
 Attorney—L. C. Schertz
 Clerk—M. E. Hess

President—E. W. Greenawalt
 Vice President—L. C. Hess
 Secretary—A. K. Rupp
 Treasurer—Jesse Gardner
 Critic—J. F. Ebersole
 Usher—Early Bontrager
 Attorney—C. C. Hooley
 Reporter—A. M. Hess

President—O. N. Johns
 Vice President—L. J. Wenger
 Secretary—M. E. Miller
 Treasurer—I. C. Hess
 Critic—M. H. Hostetler
 Usher—J. R. Rensberger
 Attorney—E. W. Greenawalt
 Reporter—A. K. Rupp

President—I. C. Hess
 Vice President—L. B. Holmes
 Secretary—W. R. Hoover
 Treasurer—C. J. Loucks
 Critic—S. E. Zook
 Usher—A. S. Kauffman
 Attorney—E. S. Hoover
 Reporter—A. M. Hess
 Clerk—H. E. Moore

President—H. E. Moore
 Vice President—M. E. Miller
 Secretary—H. S. Stutzman
 Treasurer—C. S. Brenneman
 Critic—J. F. Ebersole
 Usher—E. Berkey
 Attorney—M. E. Hess
 Reporter—M. H. Hostetler

President—Roy Smoker
 Vice President—J. O. Herr
 Secretary—S. A. Zook
 Treasurer—Dennis Rupp
 Critic—J. I. Byler
 Usher—Uriah Miller
 Attorney—E. S. Hoover
 Reporter—J. F. Ebersole



MOTTO—"Excelsior."

Vesperian Society.

COLORS—Gold and White.

President—Elsie Byler
 Vice President—Cora Yoder
 Secretary—Elsie Drange
 Treasurer—Florence Culp
 Critic—Mary Ebersole
 Usher—Martha Christophel
 Attorney—Anna Hoover

President—Elsie Drange
 Vice President—Beulah Kauffman
 Secretary—Bertha Christophel
 Treasurer—Lina Driver
 Critic—Elsie Byler
 Attorney—Mary Ebersole
 Usher—Fannie Ebersole

President—Martha Christophel
 Vice President—Margaret Rickert
 Secretary—Alma Nusbaum
 Treasurer—Susie Unzicker
 Critic—Beulah Kauffman
 Attorney—Etta Gilliom
 Usher—Ida Brubaker

President—Beulah Kauffman
 Vice President—Mary Ebersole
 Secretary—Ida Brubaker
 Treasurer—Cora Yoder
 Attorney—Florence Culp
 Critic—Elsie Byler
 Usher—Bertha Christophel

President—Emma Hershey
 Vice President—Etta Gilliom
 Secretary—Lina Driver
 Treasurer—Norah Lambert
 Attorney—Elsie Drange
 Critic—Florence Culp
 Usher—Margaret Detwiler



C. M. A. Society.

MOTTO—"We Learn to Do By Doing."

COLORS—Purple and White.

Officers.

Presidents--	B. D. Smucker.	J. W. Shank.	P. A. Hauder.	J. R. Ramer.	C. E. Reed.
Secretaries --	J. R. Ramer.	J. Y. Miller.	J. L. Brenneman.	L. C. Miller.	L. J. Shenk.



MOTTO—"Esse quam videri."

Avon Society.

COLORS—Pink and White.

Presidents—Barbara Gingrich, Rossie Hostetler, Emma Scott, Maude Warye, Fannie Stutzman,
 Vice-Presidents—Ollie Stoltzfus, Maude Warye, Anna Yoder, Emma Yoder, Mina Brubaker.
 Secretaries—Fannie Stutzman, Ollie Stoltzfus, Bessie Hooley, Alice Treuschel, Verle Markel.
 Assistant-Secretaries—Lydia Neff, Ida Neff, Mary Gerber, Anna Burkey, Emma Yoder.
 Treasurers—Ida Neff, Maude Barry, Emma Yoder, Mary Gerber, Rossie Hostetler.
 Critics—Anna Yoder, Emma Scott, Ursula Miller, Rossie Hostetler, Maude Warye.
 Attorneys—Rossie Hostetler, Anna Yoder, Maude Barry, Emma Scott, Mazy Dohner.
 Ushers—Lydia Neff, Ollie Stoltzfus, Nora Kauffman, Alice Treuschel.



Lecture Course Board.

Chairman—Prof. S. F. Gingrich.

Treasurer—J.F.Ebersole, (Aurora)

B. D. Smucker, (C. M. A.)

Secretary—Florence Culp. (Vesperian)

Maude Barry, (Avon)

AT a joint meeting of the literary societies on November 13, 1905, a motion was passed to establish a Lecture Course Board, consisting of a representative from each literary society and one from the faculty. This board was authorized to arrange a series of lectures, secure the speakers and assess the society members for the necessary expenses. Such has been the success of this initial course that without doubt the Students' Lecture Course will become a permanent institution.

The following dates and speakers have been arranged for by the board: Nov. 24—F. S. Hayden, University of Chicago; "Requisites of Scholarship." February 16—Rev. M. J. Magor, Goshen; "Tennyson's In Memoriam." March 23—President E. B. Bryan, Franklin College; "Outside Influences." April 27—Prof. S. F. Gingrich, Goshen College; "Uses of Curiosity." May 18—J. M. Artman, University of Chicago, "A Vocation." June 8—Miss Yoder and Mrs. McCann, Elkhart; "Hiawatha."



Student's Library Association.

President—H. B. Reed.

Vice-President—W. C. Ebersole.

Secretary—Mary Ebersole.

Treasurer—M. H. Hostetler.

Librarian—Maude Barry.

BOOK COMMITTEE—A. M. Hess, C. B. Blosser, Elsie Byler, Rossie Hostetler, Prof. E. J. Zook.



Students of Agriculture.

INSTRUCTORS AND LECTURERS:—E. C. Salsbury, B. S.; F. B. Jenks, B. S.; H. M. Zook, H. N. Slater of Purdue; Prof. Huston of Chicago.

STUDENTS:—Christian Brenneiman, Elmer Christophel, Joseph Graybill, William Hoover, Elmer Hoover, John B. Keener, Ammon Lantz, Monroe W. Lind, Earl C. Mast, Ira Newcomer, Jacob Rupp, Harmon Rupp, Emanuel E. Smucker, Jacob Summer, J. Edson Ulery, John I. Yoder.



Piano and Voice Students.

(Back row, right to left)—Anna Christophel, Mrs. Blanche Hedgepeth, Kittie Scrannage, Lena Altland, Winnie Rood, L. C. King, A. Ellen Schertz, Anna Burkey, Emma Kauffman, Lorene Sheline, Mazy Dohner.

(Front row)—Howard E. Moore, Mary Gerber, Ursula Miller, Jessie McDonald, (Instructor Piano) Prof. W. K. Jacobs, (Instructor Voice), Sylvia Bontrager, Nellie Ash, Ruth Dreese.

Student's Council.

Chairman, Ex-Officio—Pres. N. E. Byers.

DELEGATES:—Senior Class, Beulah Kauffman; Junior Class, Maude Barry; Academy Senior class, W. C. Ebersole; Academy Junior Class, I. C. Hess; Academy Sophomore Class, P. A. Hauder; Academy Freshman Class, Dennis Rupp; Y. P. C. A., A. M. Hess; S. L. A., H. B. Reed; C. M. A. Society, C. B. Blosser; Avon Society, Maude Warye; Vesperian Society, Elsie Byler; Aurora Society, M. H. Hostetler; Tennis Association, J. F. Ebersole; Athletic Association, B. D. Smucker; Volunteer Band, Florence Culp.

Tennis Association.

President—J. F. Ebersole.

Vice-President—E. M. Hess.

Secretary—Nancy Kulp.

Treasurer—J. Y. Miller.

Tournament—June, 1905. Finals—E. M. Hess (winner), L. B. Holmes.



SOLOMON F. GINGRICH

Alumni Association.

Officers.

Solomon F. Gingrich, President.

Mrs. Emma LeFevre Byers, 1st Vice President.

Reuben R. Ebersole, Second Vice President.

Mrs. Lena Landis Zook, Recording Secretary.

Anna H. Kauffman, Corresponding Secretary.

Frank S. Ebersole, Treasurer.

Mrs. Bessie Landis Gerig, Historian.

Board of Directors.

Term expires in 1906.

David B. Zook

Guy H. Rutt

Mrs. Bessie Landis Gerig

Term expires in 1907.

H. Frank Reist

Mrs. Emma LeFevre Byers

S. F. Gingrich

Term expires in 1908.

Jonathan M. Kurtz

John S. Umble

Frank S. Ebersole

Executive Committee.

S. F. Gingrich

Mrs. Emma LeFevre Byers

F. S. Ebersole

Mrs. Lena Landis Zook

Anna H. Kauffman

The "Maple City".



CARNEGIE LIBRARY.

course, consisting of the following numbers: Royal Italian Band, Guy C. Lee, lecture, "The Man of Sorrows"; Whitney Bros., Quartette; Opie Read, Humorist; J. B. DeMotte, lecture, "The Harp of the Senses"; Durno Company, Magicians; Prof. Powell of Ky., lecture, "Citizenship in the Republic".

But more than all, Goshen is proud of the men she has produced—statesmen, educators, ministers, musicians and artists. Many of her sons have become influential in the affairs of the state and a few have even won national reputation.

In the valley of the Elkhart river, surrounded by rich farming lands, lies a city, which, because of the culture and refined taste of its citizens, is sometimes called the little Boston of the West, though its name is Goshen. Broad are its streets and avenues, well shaded by rows of tall maples; and picturesque are its lawns. Its residences are almost uniform, commodious and comfortable. It boasts of a few quaint, ivy-covered buildings, but it also points to the splendid architecture of its modern dwellings. However, the city does not pride herself on beautiful streets and residences alone. She is proud of her well-equipped library, her public schools, her college, her numerous churches. During the past winter the city ably supported a splendid lecture

History of Goshen College.



ELKHART INSTITUTE.

IN the short history of this institution there have been five important turning points. In 1895 a private school, without a home of its own, was converted into a denominational school owned by a stock company, governed by a local board of nine directors and installed in the old Elkhart Institute building.

In 1898 a faculty, fully in sympathy with the founders, outlined a four years' academy course, and inaugurated a permanent educational policy for the school. This change from a local business and normal school to a denominational academy and Bible school was the first vital effect of the re-organization of 1895.

In 1901 the control of the institution passed from the local board of nine persons to a general board of



PARKSIDE LOOKING SOUTH.

The year 1905 marks the organization of the Mennonite Board of Education, consisting of representatives from all the conferences of the Mennonite church, who as trustees received, hold and control Goshen College. A private institution has thus finally become, in form as well as in fact, really a denominational institution. During this same year a four years' Biblical College course was outlined leading to the Ph. B. degree.

In spite of—or perhaps by means of—these constant changes and re-adjustments, there has been maintained by a kind Providence a continuity of united loyalty, to a growing purpose, that has lead the real soul of the institution onward and upward in a straight path toward an ideal—vaguely distinguished in the distance—that has constantly guided the institution toward its true destiny.

As we turn from this general view of the epoch making events in the history of the College, to the close range view of the recent activities of 1905-6 we must conclude that this, the first year of the second decade, has not simply maintained the usual rate of growth in numbers and strength, but has set a new pace for the following years.

Before the holidays a united effort was put forth to raise the high-water mark of student registration

twenty-five representative Mennonites. Thus far Elkhart had provided a school for the church but now the church was to consider its needs in general and conduct a school at the place most suitable for its work.

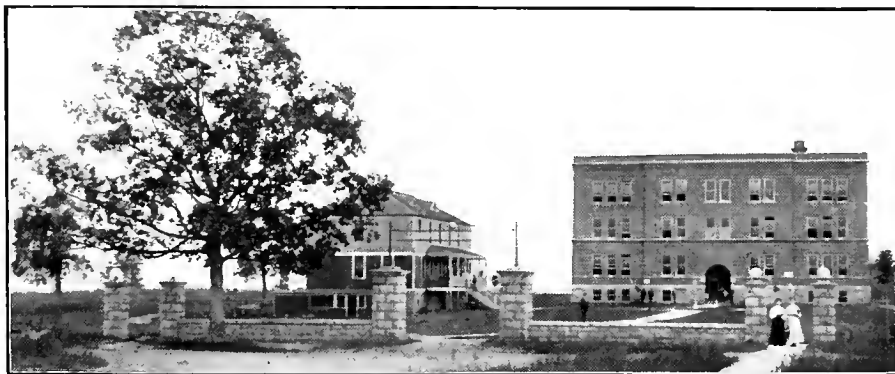
Goshen College was born in 1903 and the Academy added to itself a two years' college course, took on college airs, moved into more pretentious quarters and entered upon its new career with enlarged vision and revived ambition.

above 200. This was accomplished, but the dormitory and dining-hall were thereby shown to be too small and the demand for a new building resulted.

The building project was further promoted by the action of the students who undertook to raise \$2000 for equipment provided the faculty and former students would raise a like amount for the same purpose and the executive committee would raise \$21,000 for payment on debt and erecting a building. The funds were all started with liberal subscriptions and the new Ladies' Dormitory is assured.

The faculty is also to be strengthened by the addition of two extra members. Prof. D. A. Lehman, A. M., of the Wisconsin University faculty has been elected Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy, and Prof. J. D. Brunk formerly Director of the Music School of Bridgewater College, Virginia, takes the position of Director of the Music School. Because of excellent training and long experience in institutions of high rank, these men will add much to the efficiency of the teaching staff for 1906-07.

The outlook for Goshen College was never brighter, and yet the tasks undertaken have never been heavier and the need for general co-operation never more imperative. Success has given hope, but also a larger work; and the wisdom, though enlarged by experience, is still insufficient for the new problems. May an all-wise Providence continue to guide our Alma Mater, so that in a still larger and truer sense she may be true to her motto, "Culture for Service."



COLLEGE CAMPUS.

The Artist's Vision.

"A letter for you," said Mrs. Graham, coming into her nephew, David Hunt's studio. She gave the small square envelope into his hands and stopped to arrange some sketches lying loosely on a little table near the window. David broke the seal and began to read.

"Why, what is it David?" noting the expression on his face. He did not reply at once.

"Read it" he said hoarsely as he finished.

She read to the end and carefully folding it, put it back into the envelope before she spoke.

"I have known that in all these years you have never forgotten Margaret. Now that she is gone can't you forgive——."

"Forgive who? Margaret? There is nothing to forgive. As for Jack, I never will," he said, a cold, steely glint in his eyes. She sighed and left the room; long experience had taught her the uselessness of arguing with him.

The minutes passed, still he sat as she had left him—half stupefied by this new sorrow. His eyes were fixed on the wall before him. The tense muscles of the hands grasping the arms of his chair seemed frozen in their places. Finally shaking off the spell which held him he arose and began pacing to and fro.

"I thought I had forgotten." He snatched his hat and went out. Swiftly he strode down the street. A wild desire to get away from himself and his grief possessed him. On, on he went, unconscious of time or place. The dusk of the long November evening had already overtaken him. When spent by physical exertion and mental anguish he stopped to find he had turned into one of the poorer quarters of the city.

As lost in painful thought he stood waiting for his car, his attention was arrested by the derisive shouts of a group of ragged urchins, who, surrounding a poor creature, were tormenting her, plucking at her cloak and pelting her with mud.

A sudden wrath flamed up in Hunt. He strode toward her tormentors and with a few powerful strokes dispersed the crowd. Gathering up her packages he helped her on her car. He was about to board his own when, glancing toward the dark line of buildings he stopped in amazement. Faintly outlined against their

dim shadows, he beheld a face of marvelous sweetness and beauty. A smile of ineffable tenderness shone in the quiet eyes as they looked down on him.

"Margaret!" he cried; the pent up longings of the lonely years in his voice. Slowly, almost imperceptibly the vision began to fade---to dissolve again into the shadows.

On reaching home David passed directly into his studio. Quietly, thoughtfully he began to pace to and fro. His rebellion and bitter pain, soothed away, had been left to the irrevocable past and tonight as he trode backward and forward he was looking into a future where hope, though faint, still glimmered. He was recalled to the present by the little clock on the mantel as it chimed the midnight hour, and preparing a canvas he began to outline a new picture.

The majesty, the mystery of the new day had already touched the eastern sky, when at last laying down his pencil, he went to the window and pushed aside the heavy drapings. Always full of wonder and solemnity, to David on this morning, those delicately shifting tints seemed to irradiate a new glory over the gray of the dawn.

Several months later David again sat in his studio working on the picture he had begun the night of his vision. All the long morning he had vainly attempted to catch the expression of that divinely beautiful face. At length growing impatient he threw down his brush and left the studio.

"Strange, after all that has happened, the thought of his misery should haunt me as it does;" he reflected as he struggled into his great coat. "He always sort of fascinated me, though. In the old days I liked him in spite of myself," and picking up his hat and gloves he passed out into the street. An hour later he was climbing the rickety steps of a dark, old tenement house.

"Has he actually come to this," he muttered as groping his way down dark passage ways, stumbling over heaps of rubbish, he finally knocked at a door far in the rear of the old building.

"Come in," called a voice so peculiarly modulated that once heard it could scarcely be forgotten. A magnetic thrill flashed over David. The years seemed to roll back to the old college days and the friendship of long ago. For an instant the enmity which had wrecked that friendship seemed to vanish with the years.

He quickly recovered himself, however, and the determined lines about his mouth deepened as he entered the room.

"Oh, you have come."

"Yes, I have come. Why have you sent for me?" questioned David approaching the wretched bedside.

"You think it presumption in me to appeal to you. I admit that it is. I never would have for myself, but Mary Louise—."

"Well, what of her?"

"She will soon be without a friend in this great city. unless—."

"Whose fault is it, that she's so utterly alone? Not mine, surely."

"You always were hard, David, even in the old days. I tell you, you can't know what I've had to struggle against. You know nothing of the burning, craving thirst tormenting me night and day. You have never felt the madness of desire as it creeps into the brain, making one forget manhood, right, everything; yes, even love itself. You can't know of the misery, the remorse, the horror of these years. I have tried over and over again, for Margaret's sake, to play the part of a man but I can't. I couldn't when she was living"

The violence of his outburst brought on a paroxysm of coughing so painfully racking his emaciated frame, it seemed to Hunt, who stood helplessly by, life would be torn from the wasted body.

"I shall have only a few more like this," he panted, when the fit had passed. "It would be a relief if it were not for Mary Louise."

"But Jack, I can not care for her. You very well know my dreams of a home were shattered long ago." As he spoke the door opened and a child of apparently three or four years ran up to the bedside. She stopped abruptly as she caught sight of the stranger and stood regarding him with wide open eyes. Prompted by a sudden impulse, David drew her into his arms.

"She is like her mother," was all that he said.

"Yes, she has Margaret's ways, too."

It was evening of the same day. David was still in the little room in the tall tenement house. He and the physician whom he had called were consulting in low tones, lest they should disturb Loring who, exhausted by his unwonted exertion, had gone off into a troubled sleep.

"I do not think it advisable to take him to a hospital," the doctor was saying, "he has but a few days at most and the excitement of moving him would only hasten the end."

So it happened that a white capped nurse came to preside over the little room, made more habitable, however, with comfortable furniture, rugs and even a few pictures.

"This seems like the days of long ago, David," Loring had said, when the arrangements had been completed. "I know, I don't deserve this kindness at your hands. I——"

"We will not talk about that now," had been the brusque response.

For days Loring hovered near the invisible border-line separating this world from the mystery beyond.

One night several weeks after his first visit, Hunt had come to relieve the nurse. It was midnight. Far away he heard the subdued roar of the great city. Save for Loring's labored breathing, all was quiet in the little room. The delicate perfume of a cluster of March violets which had found a place on the low table filled the room, bringing to David thoughts half of pain, half of pleasure.

How radiantly beautiful she, Margaret, had seemed to him that night so long ago. He remembered every detail of the simple gown she had worn, and the violets in her hair. Most of all he remembered the expression in her eyes as he told her the old, old story. His thoughts lingered long about those happy recollections. But the heart-break and anguish of a half forgotten sorrow revived, surged through his being as he recalled the bitter day when he found Loring had taken her from him.

"David, David," called the voice from the bed, "it is coming. Oh, what will become of my baby—of Mary Louise?"

The agony of the cry pierced through the harsh exterior of David's nature and stirred to their depths deep beneficent springs hidden there. The great heart of the man went out in sympathy for the others' suffering. But it was only for a moment. The first generous impulse to relieve Jack's anguish was arrested by the reawakened memories as they trooped through his brain. All the conflicting emotions of his soul seemed to be aroused to meet in an instant of deadly encounter. He walked to the window to conceal feelings he could no longer control. Great drops of perspiration started out on his forehead and his innermost self cried out, "I cannot, I cannot."

It seemed to him the battle had lasted for hours when he turned again to Loring. "Jack," he began,

but stopped. Faintly traced on the wall over the bed, again appeared that face with its inexpressibly tender smile. For a moment the spirit of Margaret seemed to hover near.

Lost in wonder he stood looking into those eyes till slowly, almost imperceptibly the vision began to fade—to lose itself in the shadows.

Years had passed away. Years, though not free from care and anxiety, full of a joy such as David had never known before. Under his care Mary Louise had passed safely [through the ill's childhood is heir to and had developed into a strong, glorious young womanhood. David could never forget the rebellion that had arisen within him when he thought she, too, would be taken from him. Nor could he forget how, afterward the same gracious face he had seen the night of Jack's death had appeared in its marvelous beauty.

For a year Mary Louise had been house keeper in the 'Hunt establishment' and very proud she was of her position. Sometimes as she flitted about her work, shaking curtains into more graceful folds, patting pillows into place or arranging flowers with deft fingers, David thought of the dreams he had dreamed of Margaret.

"You are going to the park with me this afternoon," she announced one morning coming into his studio where he sat deeply engaged in his work. "Oh, really, I was under the impression that I was going to finish this picture. Houghton is coming down this evening to tell me what he thinks of it."

Mary Louise suddenly found it necessary to straighten a picture on the opposite wall.

"Oh, you can finish it tomorrow. He can give his opinion anyway. You are shutting yourself up in here too long. Why, you are beginning to look as gaunt as Rameses's mummy. Elinore Marks told me they have a beautiful new orchid down at the floricultural building and I want you to go with me to see it."

"But Mary Louise I must finish this picture. Can't we go tomorrow instead?"

"It is beautiful," she said as she came to stand back of him.

"But the mother's eyes: why have you put such an expression on her face? It seems as if I had seen that look before, but where? I can't remember."

"Never mind about it," he said hastily. I suppose I can finish my work tomorrow and we will go to see the orchids if you wish."

These two had much in common. It had been a deep source of joy to him that she could know and understand the things which were beautiful to him. She was chatting gayly as they passed down the broad

paths. He smiled as he listened to her girlish criticisms. Once she broke off suddenly in the midst of a gay sally; she caught her breath and the quick color rose to her face. Hunt followed the direction of her eyes and saw Houghton coming toward them. He noted too the expression of Houghton's eyes. A sudden revelation broke over him. He understood now that it was not art alone which brought his brother artist to his home. A jealous pang shot through his frame. As in a dream he heard the joyous laughter of the two. Could he give up Mary Louise? Houghton was going to Europe in a few months. Mary Louise must not go with him. She was all that he had. The sick misery of other days crept over him. He must be alone.

"I will wait here," he said as they reached a vacant seat on the lake front, "Houghton will take you to see the orchids."

Motionless he sat looking out over the lake. There was no rebellion in his soul now; only immeasurable woe. Blinded by his grief he could see nothing but the ruined hopes of the past. Everything, everyone he had ever loved seemed to have been torn from him. Presently a great wave rolled in and broke at his feet. From out the spray the figure of Margaret arose. She stretched out her hands toward him, reminding him that hope still lived, but in the bitterness of despair he turned away.

For weeks David had avoided his studio. A strange loneliness seemed to pervade the room. The spirit of Margaret no longer lingered there. At last there came a day when he determined to go back to his painting. Without even glancing at the unfinished picture in the corner he began work on a group of cherubs. "Would the slow pain never be quieted?" Was there no rest for him? He wondered vaguely as half unconsciously his brush touched the face of the little cherub and the baby eyes which a moment before had been full of joyous innocence, looked up at him with a most unchildish expression of sorrow in their mysterious depths. "What have I done," he ejaculated and began to erase. The smile had been brought back to the little cherub's face when his thoughts again returned to his sorrow. Would Mary Louise ever suffer as he had? Was she suffering now? He suddenly recalled that she seemed to have lost her old bright ways. Again he made a mis-stroke and this time the baby face on the canvas wore a look of stern reproach. He was about to go to her when glancing toward the half finished picture in the corner, he was amazed to find those bare, unsatisfying outlines touched into a beauty so marvelous that even in imagination he had never dreamed of such loveliness.

Silently he stood, till slowly, almost imperceptibly it began to fade—to melt away into the shadows, leaving those outlines bare and unsatisfying as before.

October is a charming companion when she dreams of the beauty of Autumn days, but something of the chill and desolation of winter creeps into her moods when her thoughts are turned to the future and she thinks of her flowers broken and ruined by the frosts of winter and her trees are stripped of their foliage. She seemed to be in her most pessimistic humor on the day that Mary Louise went away. The wind had sobbed and moaned, the rain had fallen with disheartening monotony all day long.

Late in the afternoon David returned from the station. Shaking the raindrops from his coat, carefully depositing hat and umbrella in their accustomed places, he went into the library. In spite of the soft glow of the fire in the open grate, the room looked cheerless and deserted. The desolation of the storm without seemed to lurk in the shadows. Sick with misery he sat in the fast gathering darkness. The new housekeeper announced dinner. Mechanically he arose and followed her to the dining room. The meal passed by almost in silence, for after several vain attempts at conversation she had left him to his thoughts of Mary Louise.

The dinner hour passed, he wandered restlessly from one room to another. He saw traces of her everywhere. Presently he stopped before her portrait which he had lately completed. As he stood looking into those tender eyes it seemed to him that their expression changed, and a smile, not Mary Louise's, but Margaret's played about those lips. The soul of Margaret grateful for the love he had given her child seemed to be looking at him from out the picture. In that moment his bitter grief was calmed, his heavy burden ceased.

Days, weeks and months had passed away since Mary Louise's departure. Though he often longed for the sound of her voice and the touch of her hands, his days were full of peace and quiet. The calm which comes only after fierce storms had entered into his life. A deep, quiet joy growing out of the resignation of a strong nature which has come up out of great suffering possessed him. The memories of Margaret now always hovered near and she herself seemed a constant presence to him. Day by day the picture of his visions grew into a more perfect beauty, till under his touch the wonderful face on the canvas assumed an expression of unfathomable tenderness. Not less remarkable than the picture itself was the face of the man who bent over it. The seal of an unselfish love had unmistakably been set on the broad low forehead, but the tragedy of broken hopes was also graven there.

There was a ripple of excitement among the art critics of the city. A new picture had been hung in the great gallery—the work of a genius—they pronounced it. A group of artists, among them Mary Louise and Houghton, who had but an hour since arrived in the city, were standing before it. Silent at times they were, again in low tones they discussed the perfect harmony of its coloring or the graceful symmetry of its lines. Of the mysterious charm enveloping the central figure they could not speak. There were traces of tears on Mary Louise's face.

"Isn't it wonderful," she whispered. Houghton nodded and again turned to the picture.

Through a far archway David presently appeared. Many, had they been there, would have turned to look again into his face as he approached the little group of artists, though few would have guessed that this quiet unassuming man was David Hunt of whom everyone was talking.

A great change swept over his face when he caught sight of Mary Louise standing before his picture. Houghton saw him and spoke to her. She turned and went to him. Then it was that Houghton realized what the loneliness of the past months had been to David. For the first time he understood the dignity, the splendor, the greatness of this man's life.

A sudden thought possessed him; he turned from David to the picture. A startled exclamation broke from his lips. "See, See!" he cried, "the expression of the face is like the picture."

Bewildered, the group of artists looked from the man to the work of his hands. The shadow of David's own soul was impressed on the canvas.

—BEULAH KAUFFMAN.



The Maid of the Forest.

"I beg your pardon, lady. I fear I was intruding." These courteous words were addressed to a girl seated under the protecting branches of a tree in an obscure part of a dense forest. The speaker drew nearer that he might hear her answer, should she deign to reply. As he advanced he was amazed at the peculiar and unusual beauty of the maiden before him. She raised her eyes and he saw in their dark depths an undefinable something that made them penetrating, yet soft and gentle. He looked at her a moment and with quick intuition felt that, before replying, she first wished to know what kind of a man he was. He looked away into the distance, thus giving her an opportunity to scrutinize him carefully. She did this, and seeming satisfied, turned quickly away. "Please do not think so," she said, "I am not selfish, but because I come so often and am seldom disturbed, I have almost begun to think of this spot as being mine alone. It is the only place in all the forest that satisfies me perfectly. I call it my 'fairy bower'." He looked at the overhanging branches around her and thought it a fitting name, then noticed for the first time her wealth of dark brown hair which waved in lovely masses over her shapely head. It was just the color of her eyes. Never before had he seen a human being who so stirred him and aroused the deepest feelings of his poetic nature. Instantly he determined that, before many days passed by, he would begin the greatest work he had ever attempted. In his mind he was already completing the first lines and even beholding the sensation that would be created by his masterpiece.

But, recovering himself, he said, "My name is Arthur DeVore. I am staying at Hotel Raymond, up here on the cliff, and it is my search for material on which to write that takes me to such out-of-the-way places."

A faint, barely noticeable flush tinged the girl's cheek. He thought that, of course, it was due to her appreciation of his sensitiveness in regard to the interruption. "But," he went on, "I do not know whom it is that I am addressing; will you tell me your name, and the place where you live?"

In quiet, refined tones she replied, "It is Audrey Maynard, but to all my friends I am only Audrey. "Why," she began, but he interrupted her by saying earnestly, "May I hope that you will number me with your friends and that I may call you Miss Audrey? Taking into consideration our informal introduction this is entirely permissible, is it not?"

She smiled, and said, "Yes, certainly," then went on, "my home is on the banks of a beautiful river which winds its way through another part of this forest."

"I thank you," he replied, and asked, "do you really come here often, and is there any possibility of our meeting again?" Once more that peculiar and unaccountable smile crossed her face and he wondered why.

"Yes, she said, "I am often to be found here. I cannot state any definite time, but we may sometime meet again as we did today—by chance."

He raised his hat courteously and departed, anxious to begin the work which he felt would win for him a name in the world of literature. He made his way carefully out of the forest and wandered on, scarcely heeding where or how far he went. His thoughts were fixed on the maid of the wood and were something like this: "Audrey, what a peculiar name, but yet, how well it fits her. She is a true child of the forest, and seems so innocent, so young and inexperienced. I wonder if she has always lived in that lonely place. Perhaps that accounts for her timid manner. Nevertheless, she seems refined and very well educated. I hope I shall see her often. What will I not be able to do with such a character for the heroine of my book." Thus his thoughts ran on and on, and he was so elated over the prospects before him that he would not have believed, even if told, that he must be able to read human nature more correctly before success would crown his efforts.

When he left Audrey she remained perfectly quiet until she was sure that he was out of hearing, then she gave vent to a low, clear laugh much like the merry tinkle of a silver bell. Her mind moved rapidly over the scene which had just taken place, and again took up the train of thought which Arthur DeVore had so unwittingly interrupted. She dwelt long on her past life and thought of her early eastern home; her visit to that distant western land with her mother and her discovery of that very place which was now her highly prized home. How vividly she remembered their return and how she coaxed her father to take her to "the pretty place she saw in the West near the mountains." And how easily he was persuaded when he saw that their only cherished child had fully regained her former strength in that health-giving clime. She thought of the removal from the old home to the new, and the happiness that filled their lives until her mother was summoned to still more distant country, never to return.

She was only fifteen when left motherless, and although she and her father became "all in all" to each

other, yet she pined and grieved for the loving words and caresses which only a mother can give. For a while she kept on thus, when one day as she was strolling disconsolately through the woods she came suddenly upon the cosy nook where she was now seated. Instantly she became changed. Everything around her seemed so speak to her in loving tones or to chant low, sweet melodies and she realized that God was revealing to her the beauties of "Mother Nature," and so consoling her in the loss of her own.

From that time on she had begun to write, first for her own satisfaction, then, encouraged by her father, she submitted some of her writings to competent critics. Astonished at the remarkable talent which she possessed, they had urged her to attempt greater works. She had done so, and as a result her assumed name was known and loved in many lands.

The summer glided by and Arthur DeVore met Miss Audrey a number of times, always in the favorite nook. Each time he received some new inspiration, and when late in the fall, the guests of Hotel Raymond were preparing to take their departure, he felt that his effort had not been in vain, and that he would soon give to the reading world a work that would demand recognition.

It was only three days until the guests of the famous summer resort were to leave, when it was announced that on the evening of the next day a reception would be given in honor of a famous writer who chanced to be in that part of the country, and whose latest book was an acknowledged success. All awaited the coming event with eager anticipation, but none more so than Arthur DeVore. The evening came, and he was more excited than he had ever been in his life.

As he stepped into the brilliantly lighted parlors he was dazed, and for a moment seemed inclined to doubt the evidence of his own eyes. But no, there stood the maid of the forest, a lovely woman, modestly receiving the honors bestowed upon her and bowing gracefully as all manner of flowers were thrown at her feet. He moved with the throng and as he passed only touched his lips lightly to her hand.

But later, they had a quiet moment alone, and it was then that she answered his questioning look. "Yes," she said softly, "I am really Miss Audrey, and my 'nom de plume' is 'Audrienne,' the name that you and thousands of others know so well. Yet you never recognized the strong resemblance in the two. She smiled again and at last he understood why he had always felt that her smile held something he could not fathom.

—FANNIE EBERSOLE, (Freshman Academy.)

Reminiscent.

Clear and sweet the notes are pealing,
Of the distant chiming bells,
Clear and sweet o'er hill and meadow,
O'er the lake and flowery dells;
Bring to me the memory dear
Of happy days gone by,
When dreaming youth with hearts sincere
Built airy castles high.

The bells, the bells, the echoing bells,
On the summer breeze are ringing,
The sun's first beams
O'er the hill-tops streams,
Mid the flower's bloom the birds are singing.

In memory's vale there lingers,
A welcome, happy scene,
As around the hearth we gathered,
In the old home by the stream;
And o'er our restless slumbers
Like a shadow o'er the lea,
Sweeps a sad and tender longing,
Just once more a child to be.

The bells, the bells, the echoing bells,
Ring sad and sweet on the evening air;
The twilight falls
O'er groves and halls
And distills from the heart a yearning prayer.

—M. E. MILLER, (Freshman Academy.)

To a Thrush.

Away in deep sequestered nook,
Some shady haunt by purling brook,
Where fringing willows bending low,
O'erarch the water's quiet flow;

Safe hid within

A covert green

Thy gladsome song I hear thee sing,
Thou gentle harbinger of spring.

Full many a time at close of day
The woods resound thy ringing lay,
A flood of sweetness from thy throat
Poured forth in an unceasing note

So pure, so clear,

That oft I fear

The heavy laden evening air
Will break, and mar its beauty rare.

An architect indeed, thou art ;
For thy workmanship betrays thy heart,
For that a timid bird must be,
Who seeks the ground's humility

Where grasses bend,

And wild flowers lend

Their sweetest fragrance rare,
To hide thy mate and nestlings there.

Why seek those leafy solitudes
The inmost heart of quiet woods ?
Dost fear the clutch of winged foe,
The wily poison-fang below ?

Or canst thou spy

The marksman's eye

Whose folly blind oft leads his heart
To slay the innocents for art ?

Fear oft repels. But then, Ah me,
A higher motive thine must be !
An adage old—" True worth alone
Ne'er seeks to make her treasure known."

Doth gifts impart

With joyous heart,

Nor would of Giver mindful be.

Thus, gentle bird, I'd think of thee.

—ELSIE BYLER. (Academy Senior)

*"A little nonsense now and then.
Is relished by the best of men."*

An Ode to Priscilla.

Listen my friends and you shall hear
Not the stirring tale of Paul Revere,
Not of the ride of Jennie McNeal,
Nor of P. Collins' loud appeal
To fly to the hills, as he rode down
To warn the folks at Winchester town.

But a story new and now oft told
Of five young maidens rather bold,
Of a lemon pie of delicate form
The kind the girls eat at the "dorm."
One Sunday eve before 'twas nine
These five young maidens had a time.

They went down cellar, we know not why
But there they saw that lemon pie.
Now lemon pie is hard to beat
What could they do but take and eat?
They all declared that it was fine
And said they'd do it again sometime.

But ere the breaking of the morn
The maidens were boldly laughed to scorn.

Yes, each one nearly had a fit
When someone told the truth of it.
The cat had passed with footfall soft
And licked the nice, white frosting off.

Then with boot-jack, broom and rolling pin
Those maidens raised an awful din.
They chased the cat with leaps and dives
And scared it out of seven lives.
The other two they took by force,
And now the cat is dead of course.

—E. W. G. (Academy Senior.)

Sharps and Flats.

English Student---"Who is the author of Mark Twain?"

January 2---Prof. Thut in Registrar's office.

New Student offering pen---"I'm not in a hurry you register first."

Question in Music Examination---"Explain Rit."
Student---"Rit, means to retire."

Text---"Sie winkt mir."

Student's version---"She winked at me."

Text---"Die moskitos abwehrte."

Translation according to W. C. E.---"Guarding the mosquitoes."

(Physiology class discussing the bronchial tubes.)
Professor---"If we were speaking of one tube what would you call it?"

H. E. M.---"A broncho."

Heard in modern history---"By the law of secession his heir was a male son."

In college algebra class. First student---"Why were these named " 'determinants.' "

Second student---"Because of the determination required to master them. "

Mary Ebersole---"Oh! I just thought of something !!!"

Martha Christophel---"Don't put me in the Reflector."

Everybody's Exchange.

Lost and Found.

LOST---S. L. A. constitution between the library stack room and Brubaker's, Parkside. Finder please return to H. B. Reed, Goshen College. No questions asked.

LOST---Hammond's cat. Liberal reward. Enquire of Prof. Thut.

Business Personals.

BARBER---Reduced rates to college students. North of College, second turn to the right.

C. J. LOUCKS.

SHOES---I wish to announce to my friends that I shall re-open my shop at the old stand next September. Work promptly done.

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College Dining Hall

LECTURE COURSE

PROF. B. F. THUT, LECTURER.

Oct. 5	-	-	-	-	"Order of Service"
Nov. 1,	-	-	-	-	"Toothpicks"
Dec. 10,	-	-	-	-	"The Little Boy with New Boots"
Jan. 15,	-	-	-	-	"Habits of Alphonse and Gaston"

Conversations.

Tennis Association Meeting—The President appoints Miss Barry and L. B. Holmes on a committee.

Miss Barry—"Mr. President, I move that someone who knows something be placed on that committee."

Mr. Holmes—"I second the motion."

Miss Warye in Geometry--A H equals--(pause)
—O G, no I mean H C.

Instructor--Did you make that mistake from force of habit?

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HIS FIRST NOTE

"March 1st—Freshman Class organized today.
—President."

(In hallway near door to library stack room.)—
"Yes, I was president of the Student's Library Association last year."

"Oh, the state normal has a large library and you can get almost any book you want."

Following day:—

"Well, anyway, you didn't hear all that I said" was the answer which the Reflector reporter received when referring to the matter.

Miss McDonald—"Have you your lesson?"

H. E. M.—(without looking over the piano.)—
"Sure Mike."

A. K. Rupp—"I expect to stir the world some day."

M. H. Hostetler—"How, with a plow?"

Professor—"Is it wrong to commit suicide?"

Mrs. K.—"I haven't decided, but I've been thinking about it."

In Student's Council. Delegate—"At Millersville pears (pairs) are the forbidden fruit."

Chairman—"Pears are a good thing as long as they don't get ripe."

Algebra student—"Is the exponent m or n ?"

Instructor—"Shut your mouth and you'll get it all right."

H. B. Reed in chair---"Mr. Chairman, I move you that---"

"Mr. Chairman, I rise to a point of order; the gentleman says 'I move *you*' and that is an impossibility."

Mr. S. E. Z. "Really, Miss Y., I don't know how to take you."

Miss C. Y.--"Take me as I am."

Penmanship instructor---"Group all the capital letters and give examples of movement exercises prescribed for each group."

H. E. M.---"Group them alphabetically?"

Prof., Geology Class: "What does the simple coral do when attacked?"

J. W. S.---"It draws itself into its stomach."

"Miss Kulp, take the next to the last piece of bread, I'll take the last."

She answers, "No, I'm not suspicious." (We suppose she meant superstitious.)

"Have you had Evolution yet in Zoology?"

"No, but we have had Evolution in Algebra."

"Mr. Greenawalt, you don't want to be napping too much, it's bad for your German."

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On day after President issues time cards:

Old Student (observing freshman puzzled over time report)---“Doesn't it total up twenty-four?”

Social Spirit---“Are calls classified under devotions or physical exercise?”

Lecture night. Heard on 6th street---“Say can you tell me where number ——. Oh! beg your pardon, I didn't know it was you,” and W. W. hastens away as he recognizes Prof. Gingrich.

Calendar==Fall Term.

September 27—Registration begins.

September 28—College engages R. Senger as janitor.

September 30—Y. P. C. A. social.

October 1—Three young men return home ill. Disease reported as homatitis.

October 3—President Byers gives general talk to students.

October 5—8:30 a. m. Address by Dr. Hughes, President of DePauw University.

October 5—Chapel address by President Miller of Ashland College, Ohio.

October 6--12:45 noon, photo taken of all students.

October 13--(Friday.) Organization of Senior class.

October 19—Athletic Association buys a foot ball for Holmes.

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CALENDAR—Continued.

- October 21—Y. P. C. A. Bible class organize for the year.
- October 21—First caller at the "Dorm" (J. L. J.)
- October 24—Students addressed by departments.
- October 24—First meeting Student's Council.
- October 30—Chapel address by Rev. Stoddard, President of National Christian Association League.
- October 31—4 p. m., President Blanchard of Wheaton College, Ill., talks on "College Fraternities."
- November 2—Misses Martha Christophel, Rickert, Miller and Warye leave for State Y. W. C. A. convention at Bloomington.
- November 3—8:30 p. m.—Lecture by Prof. Gingrich, "Faith and Works in Education."
- November. 5—East Goshen S. S. opened under auspices of Y. P. C. A.
- November 7— S. E. Zook to psychology class on time.
- November 8—Chapel address by Chas. W. Miller, Attorney-General of Indiana.
- November 9—Foot ball enthusiast's reception in President's office.
- November 10—A. K. Rupp's birthday—cold water; box from home—much suffering.
- November 12-18—Week of prayer for student work.

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CALENDAR---Continued

November 14-18—President Byers, J. S. Hartzler, C. K. Hostetler, and S. H. Rhodes go to General Conference at Berlin, Ont.

November 17—Public debate, "Canadian Reciprocity"
M. H. Hostetler and J. F. Ebersole.

November 18—Senior Class entertained by Mrs. Smiley

November 21—City lecture course first number—S. E. Zook forgets tickets.

November 22—Library classification begins under Prof. Zook's direction.

November 23—Miss Fannie Ebersole—birthday party cold water———.

November 24—Miss Nancy Kulp went to Pennsylvania to attend a wedding.

November 27—Why did M. H. Hostetler rent a post-office box?

November 28—German IV class sleeps. Professor pleads for spiritual presence and not alone bodily.

November 27—Miss Harris, State Secretary Y. W. C. A. visits college and addresses young women at 4 p. m.

November 28 to December 4—Thanksgiving vacation.

December 4—Blackboards cleaned in matn. room !!!

November 16—Florence Culp leaves "dorm."

December 7—Florence Culp returns—satisfied.

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CALENDAR--Continued

November 28—President suggests a normal program for students: 48 hours, college work; 5 hours student organizations; 6 hours physical exercise; 7 hours, meals; 48 hours, general reading, 6 hours, outside work. 6 hours, devotional meetings and 12 hours unclassified.

December 5—Faculty Proclamation:—"After December 9, postoffice in lower hall shall be no more."



1. "And licked the nice white frosting off."

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CALENDAR--Continued

December 8—"200 high water mark" meeting in chapel.

December 8—Debate, "Socialism", E. M. Hess, R. S. Smoker.

December 15—Geology exhibit.

December 15—Debate, "Inter-State Commerce Commission", W. W. Oesch, C. D. Esch.

December 20-22—Examinations for term.

Calendar--Winter Term.

December 28—Greenawalt skates alone.

January 1—Octave introduces whiskers as a "side issue."

January 2—Registration begins.

January 3—Recitations begin, students addressed by departments.

January 2—M. H. Hostetler and J. R. Ramer open Parkside Boarding Club with eighteen members.

January 3—The familiar German dictionary disappears; "J. F." carries a Harvard book-bag.

January 12—Purl Zook arrives in chapel in time to hear the President say "excused."

January 13—Junior Class social.

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CALENDAR—Continued

January 15-19—Y. P. C. A. Evangelistic meetings.

January 16—D. S. Gerig, Jr.

January 18—J. L. B. forgets collar—substitutes scarf.

January 21—(Sunday) Rumored that H. L. Rickert borrowed a white tie.

January 23—Students addressed by R. A. Stowe, General Secretary Y. M. C. A., Purdue University.

February 1—Room 10; 8 a. m. Thermometer 40 degrees Fahrenheit. S. E. Zook entering room
“Why don’t they fire up? This makes me hot.”



II. “They all declared that it was fine.”

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GOSHEN, INDIANA

Calendar—Continued.

February 15—(At chapel 10:10 a. m.) "All books found on library tables after 4:15 will be confiscated."

(4:17 p. m.)—Miss Scott donates a Latin grammar to college library.

February 17—President Byers attends the meeting of Indiana college presidents at Indianapolis.

February 23—Debate—"Educational Qualifications for Suffrage," J. Y. Miller, P. A. Hauder vs. J. W. Shank, S. Burkhard.

March 1—A. K. Rupp climbs on a chair to light the gas jet in the library.

March 2---Debate, "Ancient Languages an Elective Course." Florence Culp, L. C. Schertz.

March 5---L. S. Eash (my motto for life) "Victory belongs to the most persevering."

March 7---Chapel addresses by Nashville delegates: W. C. Ebersole, C. D. Esch, I. R. Detweiler.

March 9---Avon and C. M. A. "Science" program.

March 21-23---Term examinations.

March 22---Secretary Hanson, Student Department, Indiana Y. M. C. A., chapel address.

March 22---Basket-ball: Aurora 43, C. M. A. 13.

March 26---Florence Culp and Susan Unsicker took supper at Hascall Hotel.

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Calendar Spring Term.

March 27-28—Registration.

March 27—Opening address by Rev. Sumwalt.

March 29—Y. P. C. A. inauguration.

April 7—S. L. A. annual meeting and election.

April 9—Chapel address. Rev. Ensign of Chicago.

April 13—Vesperian—Aurora "Handel" program.



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CALENDAR--Continued.

April 14—Y. P. C. A. social.

April 15—J. R. Ramer was somewhat alarmed when he reached his room 10 p. m. (?) Ask him.

April 20—Arbor day. Vesperians plant an elm on the campus.

April 20—Peace oration contest—H. B. Reed, W. W. Oesch, C. D. Esch.

April 23—Senior Class entertained by Beulah Kauffman.

April 30—Avon Society begins decoration of Chapel Hall.

April 30-May 5—Separate chapels.

May 10—A. P. Hess officially changes his name to A. M. Hess.

May 11—M. E. Hess changes his name to E. M. Hess.

May 11—Debate "The Approach of Universal Peace," I. C. Hess, S. A. Zook, vs. A. K. Rupp, M. E. Miller.

May 26—2 p. m.—I. C. Hess agrees with several others that Pres. Byers ought to have his house marked so that it can be distinguished from Yoder's.

May 26—8 p. m., Reception for Senior Class by Pres. Byers.

May 28—Work begins on new dormitory.

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